

Good Morning 557

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

THE CHAMP PLAYED BLIND MAN'S BLUFF

Here is Pauline with Grandma
—Isn't the family likeness remarkable, George?

83 and 8 Months greet A.B. George Nicholls

THEY'RE all wondering at home, A.B. George Nicholls, of 7 Whitson House, St. Jude's, Bristol, what your new girl is going to be like.

They know one thing, though. She's not likely to chew gum! For the family are still highly amused about the story you told them when you were last home on leave.

Here's some news you will be pleased to get.

Pauline, your eight-month-old niece, is now very much better and looks more her bright-eyed little self again. She was brought in by your brother, Tom, while a "Good Morning" representative was chatting with your mother.

Tom, incidentally, has left the factory where he was working in North Wales, and he now has a similar job in a factory at Bristol.

Naturally, he is delighted with his luck at being back home again at 118 York-road, Montpelier, with his wife and Pauline.

Latest news from your brother, Percy, with the Tank Corps in Holland, is that he's trying his best to meet up with Pte. John Price, R.E.M.E., your sister Ann's hubby.

Let's hope they can fix a "get-together" pretty soon.

The family at home received your Christmas card, but—like all mothers, of course—looked forward to a letter, too.

Most of all, they're looking forward to the day when you walk up the steps to No. 7 again.

And perhaps by then that new girl will be holding on to your arm!

DOUBLE EVENT AWAITS STOKER HERBERT HARDY

NEXT leave for you, Stoker Herbert Hardy, will find a "double event" waiting at your mother's house in Higher Bridge Street, Bolton.

First, you will meet "Vicky," a new dog, which your mother says is filling a place that has been too long vacant. The second event is a repetition of some of the good times you've evidently had in the past—a night out with Dad!

Mother says he's all ready to get his hat and coat and wander off with you on a celebration tour of the milk bars.

All at home are very keen to have you home for sister Vera's wedding. It will take place as soon as her intended can get leave from the Navy. From his photograph he seems a very fine lad, and we expect it will mean still another night out for you when you meet him for the first time.

We were sorry not to be able to meet your wife at Hulme, Manchester, but your mother told us that she was shortly going with E.N.S.A. to the Orkneys.

She must have been busy getting ready for the journey when we called, as there was no response to our knock.

Well, don't forget that double event, Herbert, when your leave train steams out.



FAMILY INCREASE for Sto. Jack Spray

THERE is an addition to your family at 10 Ferguson Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey, First Class Stoker Jack Spray.

Her name is Sally, and she arrived just a week before our visit. As you already have two sisters and three brothers, you will probably be surprised, to say the least, at this news, but you needn't worry—Sally is a smooth-haired terrier belonging to the youngest member of the family, young David, aged two.

You will no doubt notice Sally in the arms of Peter, who

you have decided to remain a bachelor?

Being the family breadwinner, your father was out working when we called, and we are told he misses your help when he is doing odd jobs around Surbiton.

By the way, he often speaks of your pal "Darky" and wonders how he is getting on. If he is still with you, give him the best wishes of Mother and Dad, will you?

Both Horace and Alec have been home on leave recently. You probably remember hearing Horace was going to America; well, he's come back from there with tales of having met most of Hollywood's film stars, which will probably give you ideas of getting a transfer from the Submarine Service.

All the family send you their best wishes, Jack, and tell you to keep your eyes open for Cousin Bill, serving with the Army in Burma, if you happen to get out that way.

That's all the news we have home news for you, Jack, but when we left your home we almost knocked into the local workmen attending to the lamp standard outside, so the next time you're on leave the lights will be up in Ferguson Avenue, Surbiton.



"I'll admit fifty per cent. of last year's crop was a failure, Waterhouse, but we thoroughly enjoyed the other apple!"

was doing his best to keep her from jumping all over us. You will probably be surprised to see how David has grown; he's a big boy for his years, isn't he? However much we tried, we couldn't get William to smile for us; it didn't seem as though he would for anyone but you.

The rest of the family were either at school or out earning their bread and butter. At the age of thirteen, brother Kenzie still likes school, and is very keen on art.

Lily and Joan are still fighting, says mother, and, you will be glad to hear, adds that you boys are far less trouble than your two sisters.

Maybe your sisters have been a warning to you. Is that why

"This mug couldn't box his way out of a paper bag," said the critics of Harry Collins, Australian champion, and the amazing secret why he couldn't fight is revealed in this second article by W. H. MILLIER

MY friend the boxing promoter woke me early next morning by telephoning to ask whether I was pulling his leg in announcing that Harry Collins, the Australian champion, had arrived in England. He certainly sounded a lot happier than he had been when I left him in perplexity the day before.

He was not the only one in the boxing game who had thought that perhaps some mistake had been made. Many of those whose business it was to know the movements of the leading boxers doubted the truth of the published announcement.

Several were quite ready to bet that there was a catch in it somewhere. You see, for so many years it has been the usual thing to herald the arrival of a visiting champion some considerable time ahead in order to work up interest.

Managers of professional boxers are not the sort of people who wait for the grass to grow under their feet. They have to be what they term slick if they are to keep in the running. Within a few hours of news of the arrival of Collins, managers were hot on his scent to be first to sign him to a contract.

How Charlie Lucas chuckled when he learned this! He had been more than a trifle depressed by continuing bad luck and none of his rivals had stretched forth a helping hand. Small wonder that it pleased him to note the eagerness of the managers who thought they might be able to get hold of Collins.

Lucas lost no time in coming to terms with the promoter. It was agreed that, in the event of Collins winning, the promoter was to have the option of staging two more contests. The purse-money was good, and Lucas was well satisfied with his cut.

As the contest was to be staged within three weeks it was essential to fix up the Australian with training quarters and some sparring partners. All this was straightforward and was easily settled by Lucas.

They arranged to go to Colnbrook, on the Great West Road, which was close enough

to London to ensure a plentiful supply of sparring partners.

Arthur Goodwin (no relation to Jack of that name) was free to act as trainer, and in very quick time the training camp was in full swing. After Collins had been installed in his training quarters for a week I saw Lucas, and asked him how his man was progressing. The reply was rather enigmatical, and I was puzzled to note that Lucas was not so outspoken as was usual with him.

He had never been secretive with me, and I thought there must be something wrong somewhere, but did not consider it advisable just then to be at all persistent in my inquiries.

Eventually, Lucas told me he had found Collins to be a curious customer. Three sparring-partners had been out at Colnbrook, eating their heads off, as he put it, and had not yet been called upon to put the gloves on or to do any work.

"When I asked him the reason for wasting time like this," said Lucas, "he said he did not want to do any boxing just yet; and I tried all I knew to make him see daylight, but he's as stubborn as a mule. I told him that everything depended on his first appearance in an English ring, and that if he didn't get down to work without further waste of time, he could not expect to be fit to do his best. Then bang would go any further engagements; and his reputation would flop."

I suggested that it would not be wise for Lucas to worry unduly. Perhaps it might be as well to let him work easily at first and pack in all the hard work in the last fortnight.

"Yes," answered Lucas, "that might be all right if the blighter will work hard enough once he starts. He's not likely to have a walk-over even at his best, and, if he is not in really tip-top shape, he is finished so far as London is concerned."

THE BOXER WHO WOULDN'T.

A few days after this conversation, I thought it would be advisable for me to pay a visit to Collins at Colnbrook, just to see for myself exactly what was

afoot. Goodwin greeted me in the manner of a man who is between the devil and the deep sea.

This usually cheerful person was not one to bother unduly if his boxers wanted to go their own way. He used to say, "I'm willing to help you to get fit in the best possible way, but if you don't follow my advice, I shall not worry, because it's your funeral, not mine."

This was because his knowledge of professional boxers was wide and all-embracing, and he had reached the stage when he could regard them with the detached air of a philosopher. But here he was indeed perplexed.

Collins was as unlike the general run of professional boxers as anyone he had ever run against in a training camp, and he was annoyed with himself because he could not find an explanation.

It was fortunate that I had seen Goodwin before seeking out Collins, because the trainer was able to unburden himself to me.

"I've never known such a queer cus," said Goodwin. "I'm quite used to champions being headstrong and wanting things all their own way. Most of them are like that, and as they pay the piper well, they are, to a certain extent, entitled to call the tune. But this bloke is as docile as anyone I know, except on the one thing that matters."

"What is that?" I asked. "Why, boxing, of course. He just hates the sight of a boxing glove. He does his road-work more readily than any of them. You know, most of the boxers just hate, road-work and think it an unnecessary waste of energy."

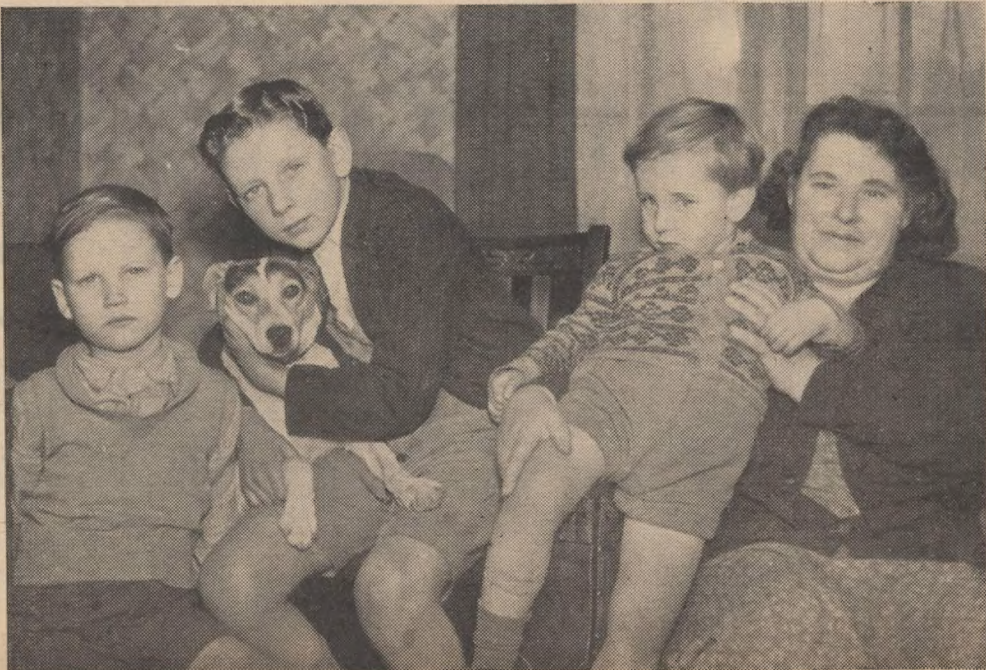
"This fellow will do mile after mile without a grouse, and will do all his gym. exercises, except box with his sparring partner. I wanted to send this lot home, but Charlie Lucas wouldn't hear of it, because he thought they would be sure to talk and let people know that Collins had not done any boxing."

"Do you mean to tell me that he hasn't put a glove on since he came down here?" I asked. "He did, but only yesterday for the first time, and then what I saw has left me more puzzled than ever."

"In what way?" I asked. "Well, it looked to me as if he didn't know his left from his right. Young Alf made rings round him, and hit him just when and where he liked, and Collins hardly put a glove on him. If that gink is the middle-weight champion of Australia then I'm Dr. Johnson."

"Do you think he's a fraud?" Goodwin hesitated a moment and said, "I had been thinking that, but, if he's not, I don't know what else to think. If he is, then he must be a pretty clever twister, because he has

(Continued on Page 3)



We ALWAYS write
to you, if you
write first
to "Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty, London, S.W.1



"ABOUT TIME YOU TWO WENT TO BED, AINT IT ?!!"

"Nothing was created— only changed"

Says the BRAINS TRUST

WHAT is meant by "creative" work? There is nothing new under the sun, we are told, yet our artists and inventors are always producing new creations. What is the truth of the matter?

We have a Philosopher, an Artist, a Scientist and a Composer on the question.

Philosopher: "I suppose it is up to me to set the ball rolling, but this is an extremely difficult question. Who was it said that 'there is nothing new under the sun'? Solomon, wasn't it? I think that's a little bit of precious nonsense, like the old saying, 'History repeats itself.'"

It is only true of certain things in certain circumstances, and is not a general truth at all.

What we mean by 'creative' work is that men do sometimes 'accomplish' that which has never been done before. They really do produce absolutely new things. Now, what sort—

Scientist: "May I interrupt a moment? Some questions are debatable, and their answer is a matter of opinion. But others are answerable by facts, and when so answered there is no more to be said. I think this question of producing new things is of the latter kind. The answer is known. It has been demonstrated by science, and is no longer open to dispute."

Science has proved again and again that it is absolutely impossible to add or subtract one atom of matter or one iota of energy from the universe.

The Laws of Conservation of Matter and Energy are absolutely without exception. For

example, dew forms on the lawn during the night, but though it may be new to us next morning, it was there all the time in the form of invisible water-vapour.

"Nothing has been created. There has only been a change of form. An imaginative artist invents a griffin, but the horse's head, the bat's wings, and the lion's claws of which it is composed are not new things."

No artist creates anything new. He just rearranges the old stock of ideas to give an appearance of novelty, that is all."

Artist: "An artist's job is not, fortunately, inventing things like griffins. But I should have thought it plain enough that the steam engine, for instance, was new in Stephenson's day. Steam and iron were not new, but the engine surely was?"

Composer: "Precisely. And when Mozart invents a melody, using the ordinary notes of the scale, I should have said that everything was new except the mere notes themselves."

Scientist: "New to us, perhaps. But not essentially new. There is nothing extra in the universe after Mozart has made his tune."

"The only real things present are the vibrations of the notes he uses. The tune is not a thing."

"Even the energy in the vibrations is not new—it has come from Mozart's muscles, which, in turn, got it from his

supper, and so on. There is nothing substantially new created at all."

Philosopher: "I think we have all been talking at cross purposes. We must agree what we mean by a 'thing' before we can dispute whether or not a thing is new. The Scientist does not consider an arrangement a thing. The only thing he knows is matter."

"But I think that nearly all the entities we commonly call 'things' are arrangements. A motor-car is a thing, but it is only a motor-car because of the arrangement of its parts."

"If they were arranged differently it would be a different thing. In other words, my definition of a thing would not be merely matter, or merely an arrangement, but the two combined. A thing is matter in a particular arrangement."

Scientist: "Well, of course, you can have new arrangements of things, but it seems to me that if arrangements are to be considered as essential parts of things, an object like a lump of glass, or a pint of water, is not a thing at all! I regard a thing as something I can conceivably weigh and measure, and in this sense I say that things cannot be created or destroyed. They can only be changed in form."

Artist: "The fact is, we cannot create new matter, but we can create new arrangements of matter, and that surely answers the first part of the question."

"But the curious thing is that when an artist or a musician creates a new arrangement he often produces something over and above the mere arrangement. He produces a new idea entirely."

"I may play about with a pencil, rearranging certain lines and dots into various patterns. Presently I have a pattern which is much more than an arrangement of lines and dots—it is Lloyd George, or Winston Churchill, or perhaps a landscape."

Composer: "The whole of musical creation consists in that sort of effect. A simple chord of two notes is always something more than the two notes heard separately."

"A Beethoven sonata is infinitely more than the sum total of the notes it contains. I call such a work a new thing. It is the creative work of man."

It does, too, in my humble opinion, add something to the universe. It adds expression. Here, in Beethoven, is a part of the universe actually expressing itself. That is a fact, though the Scientist cannot weigh it nor measure it."

TO-DAY'S LAUGH

Auntie: "I do hope you will like my present. I couldn't decide whether you would like a small check or a large one, so I—"

Impetuous Nephew: "Any cheque would be ripping, Aunt."

Auntie: "Ah, what a pity. I bought you a striped tie, after all."

Suzette: "Don't you think my new dress is exquisite?"

Clarice: "Oh, lovely! I think that dressmaker of yours could make a clothes-prop look graceful."

QUIZ for today

1. The Schoolmen were public school masters, adult pupils, mediaeval philosophers, inventors of council schools?

2. Which of the world's crops yields most fruit per acre?

3. What is (a) the ancient, (b) the modern, name for Constantinople?

4. Which English queen built Kentish Men.

5. Who discovered the mysterious White Spot on the planet Saturn in 1933?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Golf, Skittles, Cricket, Badminton, Hockey, Tennis?

Answers to Quiz in No. 556

1. Young plant shoot.

2. Fulmar, an Arctic sea-bird, lays one egg per season.

3. Telescope.

4. Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden (d. 1632).

5. 1719. Londoners v. the

6. Gimel is Hebrew; others

terious White Spot on the planet Saturn in 1933?

I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



A TRIAL shipment of New Zealand goat is due to arrive in Britain shortly. Young goat is said to make appetising eating. It tastes rather like lean mutton.

A meat expert said: "The reason for the shipment is, I believe, because all the prime New Zealand meat normally sent here is now going to our troops fighting the Japanese."

"The appearance of goat meat is its worst feature. It looks as though it might be tough. But young goat is quite tender."

★

AND talking of food, the problem of laying two eggs at a time has been solved by a Tayinloan, Kintyre, Argyllshire, hen. She laid a perfectly shelled egg within another perfectly shelled egg. The contents of each egg were normal.

Dr. Norman Morrison, Fellow of the Zoological Society of Campbelltown, said: "I have never come across a similar phenomenon. It is a problem for a biologist."

★

DESIGNER of the new £1,000,000 Crystal Palace to be built after the war, for international sporting events, concerts, exhibitions and youth displays, will receive £2,000 for his draft plans.

He will be the British architect who submits the winning entry in a competition organised by the trustees for blue-prints of a new (non-glass) and bigger building.

★

HE: "When we were married, you promised to obey me."

SHE: "Yes, I know, dear, but I didn't want to start a row with the vicar and all those people there."

★

AN old maid is a gal who knows all the answers but who is never asked the questions.

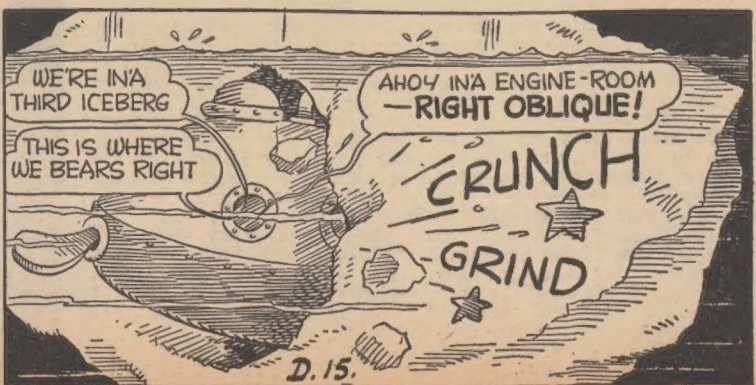
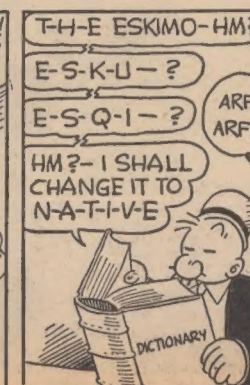
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS—496

1. Insert consonants in A**A** and *O**A*O and get two American States.
2. Here are two craftsmen whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?
RETUC — RELTANIP.
3. If "brass" is the "ass" of metals, what is the ass of (a) Affirmation, (b) Gardens?
4. Find the two condiments hidden in: Why must Arden always make me feel full of pep? Personality, I suppose.

Answers to Wangling Words No. 495

1. AZORES, NICOBAR.
2. COALMAN — DRAPER.
3. (a) Stair, (b) Debonair.
4. Hem-lock, Hen-ban-e.

JANE



THE CHAMP PLAYED BLIND MAN'S BLUFF

(Continued from Page 1)

given me so many intimate details of his fights. You know, the sort of things only the fighter himself knows about. No, there is no denying his genuineness when you have been talking to him for some time, but when he tried to box—well, I don't know. I'm completely sumped."

My friend Goodwin was not the only expert who was stumped on this score. You may be sure that it was not long before the whispers reached the ears of the promoter, and he was greatly alarmed lest wild rumours should reach the sporting public before they had planked down their money at the box office.

He was paying big money to Collins, and he wanted to make the most of it by getting plenty of publicity, but he wanted it to be the right sort of publicity.

Just before a champion winds up his course of training it is the usual thing for the promoter to invite the sporting writers attached to

newspapers to pay a visit to the camp to see the champion in action.

Here was a pretty problem for him to solve. If he invited the Pressmen and they saw how badly the champion boxed they would not give him a good write up; but if he omitted to do this they would suspect that something was amiss and then—just anything undesirable could happen.

He sought my opinion on the problem, and I told him that he had better stick to the usual procedure. I also suggested a possible way out.

This was for him to drop a broad hint that Collins was purposely boxing under wraps in order to strike some juicy bets. This was a stratagem that had been known to have succeeded with visiting champions in the past.

On the day of the Press visit, Collins boxed with his partners and was quite as bad as we had feared he would be. The whisper of boxing under wraps went round. Some fell on stony

ground, but for the most part the seed was well and truly sown.

One wise and ancient critic, a very old friend of mine, took me into a corner, and with a "come on, no nonsense" look in his eye, said: "Bill, this bloke's a ringer. If he is Harry Collins, I'll buy you a new hat."

Of course, I had to laugh it off, but my friend was very serious about it. "Boxing under wraps, my foot. This mug couldn't box his way out of a paper bag. Don't tell me you have been taken in like the other mugs we know."

BLIND MAN'S BLUFF.

I had to suffer this, and more, and laughed it off as best I could; but it was Collins who had the laugh of them all, though laugh is scarcely the right word to use, but let it pass.

The great day arrived, or night, to be correct. Thousands of enthusiastic fight supporters waited anxiously for the great Harry Collins to make his appearance.

The contest was not due until half-way through the evening, and the crowd watched the preliminary bouts impatiently as they tried to contain their eager anticipation.

What a cold douche they received when the so-called big event started! It was as if the roof had been removed and a rain-cloud had burst upon them to damp their ardour.

In the actual contest, which was a contest in name only, Collins was even worse than when we had seen him in the gymnasium. His opponent scored at will, and Collins could only hit the air. At first it was thought that he was acting, but this thought did not remain long.

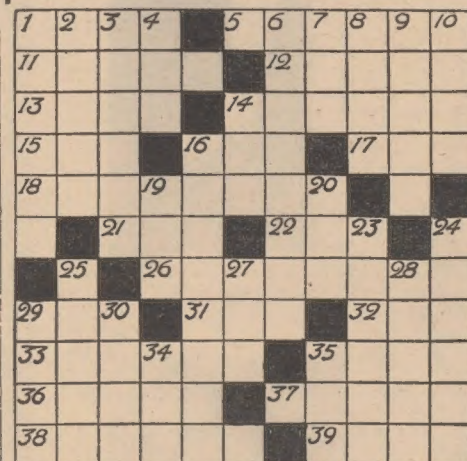
Such a lamentable display was booted to blazes, and after a few rounds the fiasco was brought to an end.

After the show my old friend and colleague came to me and reminded me that he had warned me that this so-called champion was a ringer.

I had to tell him: "You are wrong, old pal. He is the right Harry Collins, and he was champion of Australia, but he cannot box now because he is blind."

"He was blind, that is, for the business of boxing, when he came here. He could just see a few inches from his face. He did not want to fight, but he could not bring it upon himself to refuse the last big purse he was ever likely to get. He caught us all napping with his blind man's bluff."

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

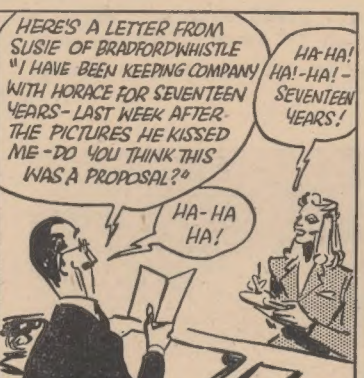
- 1 Smart blow.
- 5 Cry of joy.
- 11 Join up.
- 12 Artless.
- 14 Tall tree.
- 15 Cask.
- 16 Drink.
- 17 Cover.
- 18 Investigates.
- 20 T n n s shot.
- 22 Incline.
- 26 G r's name.
- 29 Friend.
- 31 Free.
- 32 Mire.
- 33 Cat.
- 35 Parent.
- 36 Heavenly body.
- 37 Series.
- 38 Animal shelter.
- 39 Sonnet.

CLUES DOWN.

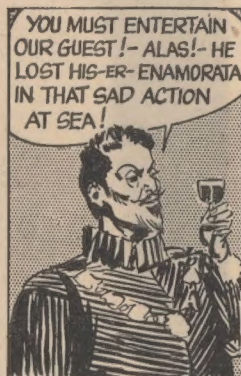
- 1 Lipped glass.
- 2 Forefinger.
- 3 Sparring.
- 4 Because.
- 6 Shut.
- 7 Jot.
- 8 Streamlet.
- 9 Benefit.
- 10 Group of cattle.
- 14 Shallow vessel.
- 16 Free.
- 19 Swab.
- 20 Note of music.
- 23 Concealing cloak.
- 24 Reclaim.
- 25 Boat.
- 27 Nothing.
- 28 Clear away.
- 29 Rugby forwards.
- 30 Portray.
- 34 Adults.
- 35 Plant juice.

G DATA PELF
APEX LION A
REFERENDUMS
NAY ARC MAT
IT BITUMEN
SUN BORED
HALT TUBA U
BATHOS TIP
HONOUR WIDE
EVENT TOOL
WET SPANNER

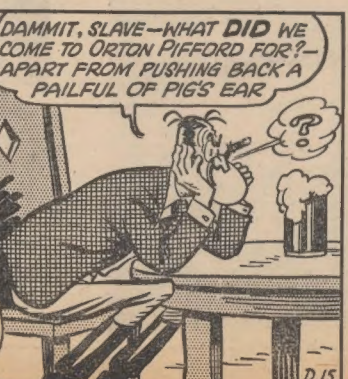
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



UP IN SMOKE

AFTER the Americans, we are the heaviest smokers in the world. Recently, it was estimated that we puffed away £260,000,000 a year, spending an average of £7 per head of adult population. That adds up to close on 50,000,000,000 cigarettes and more than 20,000,000 cigars.

A case can be made out for and against smoking. We know that athletes are not allowed to smoke, but the pro-nicotine supporters also have something to say. They can point out that when London was "blitzed" by the Great Plague in 1665, the tobacco shops all escaped infection.

It is also on record that the tobacco-smoking natives of Africa seem to enjoy immunity from local epidemics of malaria and sleeping-sickness. Doctors have written learned treatises to show that tobacco has useful effects in certain stomach disorders, apart from being an excellent sedative.

You needn't look far for the famous men who enjoy nicotine. Winston's cigars are part of his make-up, and Joe Stalin has 90 pipes to choose from. It is said that Edgeworth is his favourite tobacco, and he is practically a chain pipe-smoker. He even puffs away between courses of his meals, despite doctor's orders!

The late Mustapha Kemal, builder of the modern Turkey, used to smoke 100 cigarettes a day. Another cigarette-smoker in the 100 class was Edgar Wallace, who could never concentrate on his thrillers unless he had his famous long cigarette-holder in his mouth and a cup of sweetened tea beside his dictaphone.

Talking of writers, Sir James Barrie always lit a pipe as soon as he sat down to his desk, and had eight more, ready filled for use, on his desk.

For many years now, Franklyn D. Roosevelt has averaged his 40 gaspers a day. Anthony Eden also puts up a good cloud of cigarette smoke when he is deep in thought.

De Valera never smokes nowadays—but he used to pull on a pipe. He was filling his pipe one day in 1916 when he was arrested and taken to gaol.

"This is a good moment to give up the habit," he remarked, putting his pipe in his pocket. He has never smoked since!

It's odd, when you come to think about it, but most of the Axis leaders are non-smokers. Not only does Hitler not smoke, but he will not permit anyone to smoke in his presence. Goebbels has not smoked for years, nor has Mussolini, although the latter is not so ascetic in other directions! The Jap Emperor, Hirohito, is another non-puffer.

Guy Temple



With her lovely eyes averted in modesty and her exquisite shoulders sloping like the neck of a quart bottle of stout, the little charmer stands revealed in all the allure of silks and laces.



Lilli Palmer eyes her rival with a "What's she got that I haven't?" look. The answer, dear Lilli, is, as far as we can see, nothing.



SCOTLAND FOR EVER! We took the high road and now we are rewarded with the sight of lovely Loch Tay spread at our feet. The little township nestling at the head of the loch is Killin.



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Fancy having to spend your honeymoon on your lonesome."



On the morning of his wedding P.O. Jack Pleisence, of Tynemouth, got word that his ship was to sail. But the wedding took place just the same. The happy pair went straight from the altar to the station. They made it in five minutes flat!